

The New Arabian Nights

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



The RAJAH'S DIAMOND

PART II

Story of the Young Man in Holy Orders

THE Rev. Mr. Simon Rolles had distinguished himself in the moral sciences, and was more than usually proficient in the study of divinity. His essay "On the Christian Doctrine of the Social Obligations" obtained for him at the moment of its production a certain celebrity in the University of Oxford, and it was understood in clerical and learned circles that young Mr. Rolles had in contemplation a considerable work—a folio, it was said—on the authority of the fathers of the church. These attainments, these ambitious designs, however, were far from helping him to any preferment, and he was still in quest of his first curacy when a chance came in that part of London, the peaceful and rich aspect of the garden, a desire for solitude and study and the cheapness of the lodging led him to take up his abode with Mr. Raeburn, the nurseryman of Stockdove lane.

It was his habit every afternoon after he had worked seven or eight hours on St. Ambrose or St. Chrysostom to walk for awhile in meditation among the roses. And this was usually one of the most productive moments of his day. But even a sincere appetite for thought and the excitement of grave problems awaiting solution are not always sufficient to preserve the mind of the philosopher against the petty shocks and contacts of the world. And when Mr. Rolles found General Vandeleur's secretary, ragged and bleeding, in the company of his landlord, when he saw both change color and seek to avoid his questions, and, above all, when the former denied his own identity with the most unmoved assurance, he speedily forgot the saints and fathers in the vulgar interest of curiosity.

"I cannot be mistaken," thought he. "That is Mr. Hartley beyond a doubt. How comes he in such a pickle? Why does he deny his name? And what can be his business with that black looking ruffian, my landlord?"

As he was thus reflecting, another peculiar circumstance attracted his attention. The face of Mr. Raeburn appeared at a low window next the door, and, as chance directed, his eyes met those of Mr. Rolles. The nurseryman seemed disconcerted and even alarmed, and immediately after the blind of the apartment was pulled sharply down.

"This may all be reflected," thought Mr. Rolles. "It may be a perfectly well, but I confess freely that I do not think so. Suspicious, underhand, untruthful, fearful of observation, I believe upon my soul," he thought, "the pair are plotting some disgraceful action."

The detective that there is in all of us awoke and became dominant in the bosom of Mr. Rolles, and with a brisk, eager step that few no resemblance to his usual gait, he proceeded to make the circuit of the garden. When he came to the door of Harry's escape, his eye was once arrested by a broken rosebush and marks of trampling on the mold. He looked up and saw scratches on the brick and a rag of trowsers flouting from a broken bottle. This, then, was the mode of entrance chosen by Mr. Raeburn's particular friend. It was thus that General Vandeleur's secretary came to admire a flower garden. The young clergyman whistled softly to himself as he stooped to examine the ground. He could make out where Harry had landed from his perilous leap. He recognized the flat foot of Mr. Raeburn where it had sunk deeply in the soil as he pulled up the secretary by the collar. Nay, on a closer inspection, he seemed to distinguish the marks of groping fingers, as though something had been spilled abroad and eagerly collected.

"Upon my word," he thought, "the thing grows vastly interesting." And just then he caught sight of something almost entirely buried in the earth. In an instant he had disintered a dainty morocco case, ornamented and clasped in gilt. It had been trodden heavily under foot and thus escaped the hurried search of Mr. Raeburn. Mr. Rolles opened the case and drew a long breath of almost horrified astonishment, for there lay before him in a cradle of green velvet a diamond of prodigious magnitude and of the finest water. It was of the bigness of a duck's egg, beautifully shaped and without a flaw, and as the sun shone upon it it gave forth a luster like that of electricity and seemed to burn his hand with a thousand internal fires.

He knew little of precious stones, but the rajah's diamond was a wonder that explained itself. A village child, it he found it, would run screaming for the nearest cottage, and a savage would prostrate himself in adoration before so imposing a fetish. The beauty of the stone flattered the young

clergyman's eyes; the thought of its incalculable value overpowered his intellect. He knew that what he held in his hand was worth more than many years' purchase of an archiepiscopal see, that it would build cathedrals more stately than Ely or Cologne, that he who possessed it was set free forever from the primal curse and might follow his own inclinations without concern or hurry, without let or hindrance, and he suddenly turned it the rays leaped forth again with renewed brilliancy and seemed to pierce his very heart.

Decisive actions are often taken in a moment and without any conscious deliberation from the rational parts of man. So it was now with Mr. Rolles. He glanced hurriedly round, beheld, like Mr. Raeburn before him, nothing but the sunlit flower garden, the tall treestops and the house with blind windows, and in a trice he had shut the case, thrust it into his pocket and was hastening to his study with the speed of guilt.

The Rev. Simon Rolles had stolen the rajah's diamond.

Early in the afternoon the police arrived with Harry Hartley. The nurseryman, who was beside himself with terror, readily discovered his board, and the jewels were identified and inventoried in the presence of the secretary. As for Mr. Rolles, he showed himself in a most obliging temper, communicated what he knew with freedom, and professed regret that he could do no more to help the officers in their duty.

"Still," he added, "I suppose your business is nearly at an end."

"By no means," replied the man from Scotland Yard. And he narrated the second robbery of which Harry had been the immediate victim and gave the young clergyman a description of the more important jewels that were still not found, dilating particularly on the rajah's diamond.

"It must be worth a fortune," observed Mr. Rolles.

"Ten fortunes—twenty fortunes!" cried the officer.

"The more it is worth," remarked Simon shrewdly, "the more difficult it must be to sell. Such a thing has a physiognomy not to be disguised, and I should fancy a man might as easily negotiate St. Paul's cathedral."

"Oh, truly," said the officer, "but if the thief be a man of any intelligence he will cut it into three or four, and there will be still enough to make him rich."

"Thank you," said the clergyman. "You cannot imagine how much your conversation interests me."

Whereupon the functionary admitted that they knew many strange things in his profession and immediately after took his leave.

Mr. Rolles regained his apartment. It seemed smaller and bareer than usual. The materials for his great work had never presented so little interest, and he looked upon his library with the eye of scorn. He took down, volume by volume, several fathers of the church, and glanced them through, but they contained nothing to his purpose.

"These old gentlemen," thought he, "are no doubt very valuable writers, but they seem to me conspicuously ignorant of life. Here am I, with learning enough to be a bishop, and I positively do not know how to dispose of a stolen diamond. I glean a hint from a common policeman, and, with all my follies, I cannot so much as put it into execution. This inspires me with very odd ideas of university training."

Herewith he kicked over his bookshelf and, putting on his hat, hastened from the house to the club of which he was a member. In such a place of mundane resort he hoped to find some man of good counsel and a shrewd experience in life. In the reading room he saw many of the country clergy and an archdeacon; there were three journalists and a writer upon the higher metaphysics playing pool, and at dinner only the raft of ordinary club frequenters showed their commonplace and obliterated countenances. None of these, thought Mr. Rolles, would know more on dangerous topics than he knew himself; none of them was fit to give him guidance in his present straits. At length, in the smoking room, upon many weary stairs, he hit upon a gentleman of somewhat portly build and dressed with conspicuous plainness. He was smoking a cigar and reading the Fortnightly Review. His face was singularly free from all signs of preoccupation or fatigue, and there was something in his air which seemed to invite confidence and to expect submission. The more the young clergyman scrutinized his features the more he was convinced that he had fallen on one capable of giving pertinent advice.

"Sir," said he, "you will excuse my abruptness, but I judge you from your appearance to be pre-eminently a man of the world."

"I have indeed considerable claims to that distinction," replied the stranger, laying aside his magazine with a look of mingled amusement and surprise.

"I, sir," continued the curate, "am a recluse, a student, a creature of ink bottles and patriotic follies. A recent event has brought my folly vividly before my eyes, and I desire to instruct myself in life. By life," he added, "I do not mean Thackeray's novels, but the crimes and secret possibilities of

our society and the principles of wise conduct among exceptional events. I am a patient reader. Can the thing be learned in books?"

"You put me in a difficulty," said the stranger. "I confess I have no great notion of the use of books, except to amuse a railroad journey, although I believe there are some very exact treatises on astronomy, the use of the globes, agriculture and the art of making paper flowers. Upon the less apparent provinces of life I fear you will find nothing truthful. Yet, stay," he added, "have you read Galvani?"

Mr. Rolles admitted he had never even heard the name.

"You may gather some notions from Galvani," resumed the stranger. "He is at least suggestive, and you will, at the worst, lose your time in good study."

"Sir," said the curate, "I am infinitely obliged by your politeness."

"You have already more than repaid me," returned the other.

"How?" inquired Simon.

"By the novelty of your request," replied the gentleman, and, with a polite gesture, as though to ask permission, he resumed the study of the Fortnightly Review.

On his way home Mr. Rolles purchased a worn, enameled watch and several of Galvani's novels. These last he eagerly skimmed until an advanced hour in the morning, but although they introduced him to many new ideas he could nowhere discover what to do with a stolen diamond. He was annoyed, moreover, to find the information scattered among romantic story telling instead of soberly set forth after the manner of a manual, and he concluded that even if the writ or had thought much upon these subjects he was totally lacking in educational method. For the character and

services by which the government profited, but which the government dared not recognize? You make me wonder what we mean by fame or even by luxury, for Jack Vandeleur has prodigious claims to both. Run downstairs," he continued, "take a table near them and keep your ears open. You will hear some strange talk or I am much misled."

"But how shall I know them?" inquired the clergyman.

"Know them?" cried his friend. "Why, the prince is the finest gentleman in Europe, the only living creature who looks like a king, and as for Jack Vandeleur, if you can imagine Ulysses at seventy years of age and with a sabbat cut across his face you have the man before you. Know them, indeed! Why, you could pick either of them out of a derby day."

Rolles eagerly hurried to the dining room. It was his friend had asserted—it was impossible to mistake the pair in question. Old John Vandeleur was of a remarkable force of body and obviously broken, to the most difficult exercises. He had neither the carriage of a swordman nor of a sailor nor yet of one much used to the saddle, but something made up of all these and the result and expression of many different habits and activities. His features were laid and aquiline, his expression arrogant and predatory, his whole appearance that of a swift, violent, unscrupulous man of action, and his cap and white hair and the deep scar cut that traversed his nose and temple added a note of savagery to a head already remarkable and menacing in itself.

In his companion the Prince of Bohemia, Mr. Rolles was astonished to recognize the gentleman who had recommended him the study of Galvani. Doubtless Prince Florizel, who rarely



HE GLANCED HURRIEDLY ROUND.

attainments of Lecco, however, he was unable to contain his admiration.

"He was truly a great creature," murmured Mr. Rolles. "He knew the world as I know Paley's 'Evidences.' There was nothing that he could not carry to a termination with his own hand and against the largest odds. Heavens, he broke out suddenly, 'Is not this the lesson? Must I not learn to cut diamonds for myself?'"

It seemed to him as if he had sailed at once out of his perplexities. He remembered that he knew a jeweler, one B. Maculoch, in Edinburgh, who would be glad to put him in the way of the necessary training. A few months, perhaps a few years, of sordid toil, and he would be sufficiently expert to divide and sufficiently cunning to dispose with advantage of the rajah's diamond. That done, he might return to pursue his researches at leisure, a wealthy and luxurious student, envied and respected by all. Golden visions attended him through his slumber, and he awoke refreshed and light hearted with the morning sun.

Mr. Raeburn's house was on that day to be closed by the police, and this afforded a pretext for his departure. He cheerfully prepared his baggage, transported it to King's Cross, where he left it in the cloakroom, and returned to the club to walk away the afternoon and dine.

"If you dine here today, Rolles," observed an acquaintance, "you may see two of the most remarkable men in England—Prince Florizel of Bohemia and old Jack Vandeleur."

"I have heard of the prince," replied Mr. Rolles, "and General Vandeleur I have even met in society."

"General Vandeleur is an ass!" returned the other. "This is his brother John, the biggest adventurer, the best judge of precious stones and one of the most acute diplomats in Europe. Have you never heard of his duel with the Duc de Val d'Orge, of his exploits and atrocities when he was dictator of Paraguay, of his dexterity in recovering Sir Samuel Levi's jewelry, or of his services in the Indian mutiny—"

visited the club, of which, as of most others, he was an honorary member, had been waiting for John Vandeleur when Simon accosted him on the previous evening.

The other diners had modestly retired into the angles of the room and left

the distinguished pair in a certain isolation, but the young clergyman was

unrestrained by any sentiment of awe and, marching boldly up, took his place at the nearest table.

The conversation was indeed new to the student's ears. The ex-dictator of Paraguay stated many extraordinary experiences in different quarters of the world, and the prince supplied a commentary which, to a man of thought, was even more interesting than the events themselves. Two forms of experience were thus brought together, and he did not know which to admire the most—the desperate actor or the skilled expert in life; the man who spoke boldly of his own deeds and perils or the man who seemed, like a god, to know all things and to have suffered nothing. The manner of each aptly fitted with his part in the discussion. The dictator indulged in brutalities alike of speech and gesture. His hand opened and shut and fell roughly on the table, and his voice was loud and hoarse. The prince, on the other hand, seemed the very type of urbane docility and quiet. The least movement, the least inflection, had with him a weightier significance than all the shouts and pantomime of his companion, and if ever, as must frequently have been the case, he described some experience personal to himself, it was so aptly dissimulated as to pass unnoticed with the rest.

At length the talk wandered on to the late robberies and the rajah's diamond.

"That diamond would be better in the sea," observed Prince Florizel.

"As a Vandeleur," replied the dictator, "your highness may imagine my dissent."

"I speak on grounds of public policy," pursued the prince. "Jewels so

valuable should be reserved for the collection of a prince or the treasury of a great nation. To hand them about among the common sort of men is to set a price on virtue's head, and in the realm of Kashgar—a prince. I understand, of great enlightenment—desired vengeance upon the men of Europe he could hardly have gone more effectively as this apple of discord. There is no honesty too robust for such a trial. I myself, who have many duties and many privileges of my own—I myself, Mr. Vandeleur, could scarce handle the intoxicating crystal and be safe. As for you, who are a diamond hunter by taste and profession, I do not believe there is a crime in the calendar you would not perpetrate—I do not believe you have a friend in the world whom you would not eagerly betray. I do not know if you have a family, but if you have I declare you would sacrifice your children. And all this for what? Not to be richer nor to have more comforts or more respect, but simply to call this diamond yours for a year or two until you die and now and again to open a safe and look at it as one looks at a picture."

"It is true," replied Vandeleur. "I have hunted most things from men and women down to mosquitoes. I have dived for coral, I have followed both whales and tigers, and a diamond is the latest quarry of the lot. It has beauty and worth; it alone can properly reward the ardors of the chase. At this moment, as your highness may fancy, I am upon the trail. I have a sure knock, a wide experience. I know every stone of price in my brother's collection as a shepherd knows his sheep, and I wish I may die if I do not recover them every one."

"Sir Thomas Vandeleur will have great cause to thank you," said the prince.

"I am not so sure," returned the dictator, with a laugh. "One of the Vandeleurs, will—Thomas or John—Peter or Paul; we are all apostles."

"I did not catch your observation," said the prince, with some disgust.

And at the same moment the waiter informed Mr. Vandeleur that his cab was at the door.

Mr. Rolles glanced at the clock and saw that he also must be moving, and the coincidence struck him sharply and unpleasantly, for he desired to see no more of the diamond hunter.

Much still having somewhat shaken the young man's nerves, he was in the habit of traveling in the most luxurious manner, and for the present journey he had taken a sofa in the sleeping carriage.

"You will be very comfortable," said the guard. "There is no one in your compartment and only one old gentleman in the other end."

It was close upon the hour and the tickets were being examined when Mr. Rolles beheld this other fellow passenger ushered by several porters into his place. Certainly there was not another man in the world whom he would not have preferred, for it was old John Vandeleur, the ex-dictator.

The sleeping carriages on the Great Northern line were divided into three compartments, one at each end for travelers and one in the center fitted with the conveniences of a lavatory. A floor running in grooves separated each of the others from the lavatory, but as there were neither bolts nor locks the whole suit was practically common ground.

When Mr. Rolles had studied his position, he perceived himself without defense. If the dictator chose to pay him a visit in the course of the night, he could do no less than receive it. He had no means of fortification and lay open to attack as if he had been lying in the fields. This situation caused him some agony of mind. He recalled with alarm the boastful statements of his fellow traveler across the dining table and the professions of immortality which he had heard him offering to the disgusted prince. Some persons, he remembered to have read, are endowed with a singular quickness of perception for the neighborhood of precious metals. Through walls and even at considerable distances they are said to divine the presence of gold. Might it not be the same with diamonds? he wondered, and, if so, who was more likely to enjoy this transcendental sense than the person who gloried in the appellation of the diamond hunter? From such a man he recognized that he had everything to fear, and longed eagerly for the arrival of day.

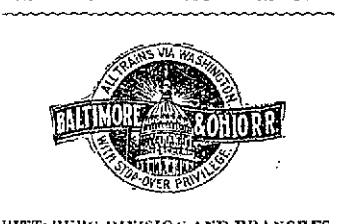
In the meantime he neglected no precaution, concealed his diamond in the most internal pocket of a system of drawers and devoutly recommended himself to the care of Providence.

The train pursued its usual even and rapid course, and nearly half the journey had been accomplished before slumber began to triumph over uneasiness in the breast of Mr. Rolles. For some time he resisted its influence, but it grew upon him more and more, and a little before York he was fain to stretch himself upon one of the couches and suffer his eyes to close, and almost at the same instant consciousness deserted the young clergyman. His last thought was of his terrifying neighbor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Magnificent Playhouse for Pittsburg. Philadelphia, Jan. 6.—Messrs. Nixon & Zimmerman, who own five theaters in this city and who own and control the Alvin theater in Pittsburg, have for some time been looking for a desirable location in the latter city for the erection of a new theater. Last night Mr. Nixon telegraphed from Pittsburg to Mr. Zimmerman, informing him that all negotiations had been completed and arrangements perfected for the building of a new and magnificent playhouse there. Work on the new theater will be started about Feb. 1, and it is the intention of Messrs. Nixon & Zimmerman to have the new theater finished and ready for opening by Oct. 1.

Railroad Time Tables.



PITTSBURGH DIVISION AND BRANCHES.

On and after Nov. 23rd, 1902, passenger trains will leave Connellsville for Chicago via

Pittsburg and Akron without change. Express 1:10 and 6:14 p. m. daily.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Louisville via Pittsburg, 6:05 a. m. and 6:14 p. m. daily.

For Pittsburg, week days, 7:05, 7:40, 7:55, 11:05 a. m.; 1:10, 2:30, 6:14, 7:10 p. m.; Sundays, 7:05, 7:40, 7:55 a. m., and 1:10, 6:14 and 7:10 p. m.

For Washington, Pa., and Wheeling—Week days, 6:05, 11:05 a. m.; 1:10 and 6:14 p. m. Sundays, 6:05 a. m., 1:10 and 6:14 p. m.

For Mount Pleasant—Week days, 6:30 a. m., 3:45 and 5:55 p. m.

For Gettysburg—Week days, 7:55, 9:50 a. m., 4:05 and 6:45 p. m. Sundays, 9:50 a. m., and 6:45 p. m.

For Lockport—Week days, 7:55 a. m., 4:05 and 6:45 p. m. Sundays, 9:50 a. m., and 6:45 p. m.

For Morgantown—Week days, 9:50 a. m., 4:05 and 6:45 p. m. Sundays, 9:50 a. m., and 6:45 p. m.

For Fairmont—Week days, 9:50 a. m., 4:05 and 6:45 p. m. Sundays, 9:50 a. m., and 6:45 p. m.

For Cleveland, via Pittsburg, daily, 6:05 a. m., and 1:10 p. m.

For Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and all points in the East—Express, daily, 9:15 a. m., 2:40, 8:05 and 10:52 p. m.

For Confluence and King—8:50 a. m., except Sunday.

For Jonesboro and points on the S. & O. Branch—Week days, 8:50, 9:45 a. m., 2:40 p. m. Sundays, 2:40 p. m.

For Berlin—Week days, 8:50 a. m. and 2:40 p. m.

For Cumberland—Daily Express trains, 9:15 a. m., 8:05 and 10:52 p. m. Daily accommodation trains, 8:50 a. m. and 2:40 p. m.

For Shamokin Junction and points on the S. & W. R. R.—9:15 a. m., 2:40 and 10:52 p. m., daily.

For Harrisburg, Erie and Valley Division points—9:45 a. m., 2:40 and 10:52 p. m. Week days only.

If you want to receive through tickets, reserve Pullman car space, or get information concerning time of trains and connections, call at the Baltimore City Office, Connellsville, Pa., or at the B. & O. Ticket Office, 306 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

J. B. HITCHCOCK, Gen. Mgr.

J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

(Southwest Branch.)

On and after June 15th, 1902, trains will arrive and depart as follows:

Southward.—For Dunbar, Redstone Junction and Clarksburg, 8:15, 10:52 a. m., 3:40 and 6:45 p. m.

For Fairbairn—10:52 a. m., 3:50 and 6:45 p. m.

Northward.—For Scottsdale and Greensburg and all points on the main line, 7:22, 9:30 a. m., 2:05 and 5:53 p. m.

For information concerning rates of fare, etc., call on or address the following agents: Albert Hutchinson, Fairbairn; W. D. McCormick, Clarksburg; Sam. Barr, Dunbar; W. K. Hightower, Connellsville; or Thomas E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District, 306 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE.

Leaves Pittsburg, McKeesport & Youngstown Railroad, Cleveland Short Line, Central Standard Time, in effect Sunday November 23rd, 1902.

Trains leave New Haven Depot for West Newton, McKeesport and Pittsburg, daily at 5:30 a. m. and 2:05 p. m.

For McKeesport Run—Daily, 5:30 a. m., 2:05 and 6:10 p. m. For points on Belle Vernon branch, daily, 5:30 a. m. and 2:05 p. m.

For and sleeping cars between Pittsburg, Buffalo, Chicago, Boston and Jamestown.

L. A. ROBINSON, Gen. Pass. Agt.

J. B. VOILE, Superintendent.

WASHINGTON RUN R. R.

Trains leave Dayton daily for Star Junction at 8:25 a. m. and 7:00 and 7:20 p. m.

Trains leave Star Junction for Dayton daily at 7:45 a. m. and 5:20 and 6:50 p. m.

All trains make connection with Baltimore & Ohio at Dayton.

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PLAYS OF THE WEEK.

Duffy's Jubilee the Attraction at Connellsville Theatre Tonight.

OUR NEW MINISTER ON FRIDAY.

It Will be One of the Season's Best Attractions—Stamped With Denman Thompson's Name and Carrying an Excellent Company.

At the Connellsville Theatre tonight the Frank W. Mason operatic musical comedy company will present that famous play, "Duffy's Jubilee." The company is a popular one, and includes that natural Irish comedian, John E. Flynn, and a number of other equally famous farce comedy artists. The comedy is full of fun and merriment; there is not a dull moment from the rise to the fall of the curtain. In the second act no less than eight high class vaudeville features are introduced, and during the action of the comedy the very latest popular musical compositions, both vocal and instrumental, will be given.

There are some stage folks whose personality has won for them scores of loving friends among people whose affections do not ordinarily go out to stars of the dramatic profession. Prominent among that folk is Denman Thompson, whose latest success, "Our New Minister," will receive its first local presentation at the Connellsville Theatre Friday, January 9. He is uncle Denman to about all the world, and has been thoroughly identified in the public mind with the dear old "Josh Whitcomb," the character that he first invented and has played for the past 17 years in "The Old Homestead." The newer play is in its second year of success, and like its predecessor, deals with life as it is to be found today in any rural New England community. The scene of the play is laid in Hardscrabble, N. H., and the three acts are made up of an exterior of a general store and postoffice; the sitting room and library of Theodore Strong, the new minister; and the home of Lori Ransom, a reformed convict. The original cast will appear.



No one can afford to miss the performance of "A Mother's Heart," at the Connellsville Theatre on Monday, January 12. This strong melodrama is full of human interest and appeals strongly to every man, woman and child. It is presented by an excellent company of clever artists, including little Baby Francis, credited with being the foremost child actress on the American stage. The play is in four acts and is intensely interesting from first to last.

OHIOPILE.

Notes from the Little Mountain Resort Up the Yough.

"Ohiopile, Jan. 7.—Miss Margaret Hall, who has been visiting relatives here for the past two weeks, returned to Pittsburg on Sunday.

Frank and Joseph Reid, who have been employed here for several weeks on the tower being built by the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, have returned to their home at Cumberland.

Miss Georgia Hall left on Sunday for Pittsburg, where she will spend the winter.

The revival began in the Methodist Episcopal Church here Sunday night by Rev. J. S. Potts.

Miss Lillian Mitchell of McKees Rocks is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. A. F. Smith of Connellsville spent Saturday and Sunday with friends here.

Edward Woodmancy, who has been employed at Washington, D. C., was visiting old friends here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Corriston, Mrs. Fred Felty, Mrs. A. A. Corriston, Misses Georgia Hall and Leah Potter, Mr. and Mrs. B. Conway and Wallace Chuck attended the entertainment at Kentuck on New Year's night.

Misses Mabel and Nora Ritenour, who have been visiting relatives at Friendsville, have returned home.

Mrs. Ernest Show left on Tuesday for a few days visit with relatives at Pittsburg.

Mrs. Kate Enoch is spending a few days with relatives at Uniontown.

I. F. Woodmancy and Rev. J. S. Potts were Connellsville callers on Monday.

A High Priced Fiddle. At a London auction the recently \$1,550 was paid for a violin by Antonius Stradivarius, dated 1720.



DEMANDS TACT

And good judgment to buy Hardware such as this at figures which permit retailing at moderate prices. Experience has been a good master and we have learned how to take advantage of every opportunity. The result is seen in this gathering of Housefurnishing Goods, Hardware and Builders' Supplies. The trashy things are conspicuous by their absence, while goods of sterling merit are sold at fair prices.

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Misses'..... 2.00 to 2.50
Womens'..... 3.00 to 5.00
Men's..... 3.50 to 6.00

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Connellsville, Pa.

F. L. Rocereto's TONSORIAL : SALON.

Most complete in the county. Four Barbers. No Waiting. Courtous Treatment. Face Massage a Specialty. Shower and Tub Bath in connection.

CONNELLVILLE, PA.

Residence of Porter Block, N. Pittsburg Street.

A.B. KURTZ

Jeweler.

On removal of First National Bank,

Watch This Space.

J. E. SIMS,

Funeral Director and Embalmer.

Store, Bell Phone 158.
" Tri-State Phone 245.
Residence, Bell Phone 160.

INVENTORY SALE

***** This is the second and last week of this successful sale. Crowds of shrewd shoppers have been visiting our store, eager to find excellent bargains that surpassed their expectation. Many of these values have been sold out already, some of them are on sale yet, but many new bargains have been added to them and will make our store the Bargain-Seekers' Dorado for the coming week.



All Our Ladies' Hats at Half Price.



BARGAINS in DRESS GOODS.

\$1.50, \$1.25 and \$1.15 Black Goods, as Brunella, Whipcords, Serges, Mohairs, Cheviots. They must go at 89c

\$1.50, \$1.25 and \$1.10 Dress Goods, as Broadcloth, Venetian, Pebble Cheviot, Snowflake, Cravenettes, in black, brown, navy, castor, red, green and mixed weaves—will be sacrificed at only... 85c

75, 75 and 65c Fancy Goods, as Shepherd's Plaid and Checks, Cassimeres, Mixed Fabrics, Camel's Hair, etc., all colors, only... 59c

Silks, One-Third Off—Fancy Silks, Plaid, Novelities, Moirés, Striped Silks, Taffetas in all colors, at ONE-THIRD OFF.

\$1.50, \$1.25 and \$1.00 Brunella, Lansdowns, Henriettas, Crepes, Basketcloth, in white, pink, blue, navy green, for evening wear, only... 85c

Rainy Day Skirtings, sold at \$1.00 and \$1.25; reliable qualities, 60 inches wide, black and gray, at only... 75c

6c Russian Toweling, linen finish, at only... 4c

Bath and Hand Towels, extraordinary bargains, at only... 4c

6c Calicos, all colors, at only... 4c

6c Fancy Outing Flannels in dark and light colors, many new designs, good bargains at only... 4c

Clothing at Almost Half Price.

Men's \$7.50 and \$9.00 Suits, made of wool fabrics in plaid, plain or striped; Blue, Black and Fancy Cassimeres. These well lined and nicely finished suits at only... \$5.00

Men's \$12, \$13 and \$14 Suits, strictly all wool, superbly lined, permanent fronts, fine materials, such as Black Tibets, Fancy Cheviots, Serges and Tweeds. These Suits will sell at only... \$8.50

Men's \$15 and \$18 Suits. Our finest Suits, the real high grade Clothing in a great selection of reliable and stylish weaves and designs. Will sell at only... \$12.00

Young Men's \$6.50 and \$8.50 Suits in all new styles and materials. Matchless values at regular prices will sell at only... \$5.00

Boys' Two-Piece Suits, sold formerly at \$2.50 and \$3.50, sizes 8 to 16, at only... \$1.75

Men's \$12 and \$15 Overcoats in all lengths, made of Oxford, Vicunas, Kerseys, fancy weaves, artistically cut and well finished and lined. They will make extraordinary bargains at only... \$8.50

Men's \$5 and \$7 Overcoat, made of Wool Kersey; Black and Brown, Oxford and Greenish shades. Hundreds of customers were glad to get them at regular prices. Why shouldn't you buy one at only... \$3.90

Boys' Reefer Overcoats, sizes 2 1/2 to 8, unparalleled values at \$3.75, \$4.75, \$5.50 and \$7.00. Regardless of cost, at only... \$2.90

Boys' 50c Knee Pants, in all styles and colors, at only... 39c

Enormous Reductions on Cloaks, Suits and Furs.

MONTE CARLO COATS; latest styles, all colors, silk and satin lined. Our \$20, \$25 and \$30 Coats at \$15. Our \$13.50, \$17 and \$19 Coats at \$10. Our \$3.75, \$10 and \$12.90 Coats at \$6.98.

27-INCH COATS AND SHORT JACKETS, including the latest nebbly and jaunty styles. Our \$20 to \$30 values at \$15. Our \$10 to \$20 values at \$8. Our \$7 to \$10 values at \$3.98.

CHILDREN'S COATS, long three quarter lengths and short, Velvet or Cloth, at ONE-THIRD OFF.

PLUSH CAPES, plain or trimmed, 29 to 39 inches long. Our \$7 to \$12 Capes at \$5. Our \$5 to \$7 Capes at \$3.98.

LADIES' AND MISSES' SUITS, Blouse, Norfolk and Jacket effects, silk and satin lined. Our \$10, \$15, \$20, \$25 and \$30 values will be sold now at \$5, \$10, \$13.50 and \$17.50.

ELECTRIC SEAL COATS, made of the highest grade Electric and Near Seal, lined with guaranteed lining. Every coat is sold with the full guarantee not to rip or tear. Former prices \$45.00, \$55.00 and \$65.00. Now \$25, \$30 and \$35.

ISABELLA AND SABLE FOX SCARVES at almost half price, \$7.50, \$9.50, \$15 and \$18.50.

CLUSTER SCARVES at the considerably reduced price of 95c, \$2.75, \$3.98, \$5.98 and \$7.50.

SILK SKIRTS, most of them silk lined, \$8, \$22, \$30 and \$45 Skirts, \$10, \$15, \$17.50 and \$25.

DRESS AND WALKING SKIRTS.—About 800 Skirts made up in the latest styles and materials, at ONE-THIRD OFF.

FLANNEL WAISTS.—Three hundred up-to-date Waists made of all-wool Flannels and Tricots, formerly sold at \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50, at 98c.

Enormous Reductions in Children's Suits.

Shoe Bargains.

366 Pairs Crossett Men's Shoes, sell everywhere at \$3.50, \$4 and \$5. We have them in every size, fast and leather. Goodyear welts. Your choice, \$2.25

300 Pairs John Kelly's Ladies' Shoes in vici, enamel, box calf and patent leather, welts and hand-turned soles. All sizes and widths. Regular price of the Shoes \$3, \$3.50 and \$4. By a special cash purchase we are in position to offer you these Shoes at... \$1.95

Felt Boots, one or two buckles; they sold formerly at \$2.25. Now at... \$1.75

All our Fancy Slippers at ONE-THIRD OFF.

Deep Cut on Carpets.

Simon Brussels, 10 wire, best bur- zain in Carpets ever offered. Many pretty patterns to select from at only... 69c

Tapestry Brussels, reliable quality, sold formerly at 65 and 75c, at only... 45c

Ingrain, the best Ingrain and Pro- Brussels, regularly sold from 75 to 90c, at only... 59c

All-wool Ingrain in good quality. Extra value at 65c. We ask only... 45c

35c Ingrain in good pattern, at only... 19c

Rugrats, large size for rooms, 9x12, worth \$10.50, at... \$11.95

Pro-Brussels Rugs, room sizes, 9x10 1/2, worth \$10.00, at... \$6.98

Lace and Heddle Curtains, 39c

Rope Portiers, worth \$2.50, at \$1.75, worth \$1.75 at... 99c

Blankets, 10-4 size, good quality, regular price 75c, now at only 69c, 11-4 size, all wool, worth \$3.50, at only... \$2.49

Comforts, dependable materials and linings from 75c up to \$8.50, at almost HALF PRICE.

MACE & CO.

Successors to Kobackers' The Famous,

North Pittsburg Street,

CONNELLVILLE, PA.